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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

CURRENCY REFORM.

nterconvertible Bonds and Paper, Protected by Income-Earning National Property.

The Journal to-day adds this plank to its Internal Policy platform:

CURRENCY REFORM.

The Nation's Money to Be Issued by the Nation's Government, and Its Supply to Be Regulated by the People, and Not by the Banks.

Except on the Pacific Coast the people use neither gold nor silver. The Cleveland "currency reformers" ecognize this fact by proposing to have an "elastic currency" furnished by the banks, on the Government's redit. The Journal proposes to have **an elastic currency furnished by the Government, on its wn credit.**

Let Congress withdraw the note-issuing privilege from the national banks and compel the redemption f the $235,000,000 and odd of national bank notes now outstanding. Then let the Government issue its own otes to the amount of, say, $500,000,000. Let the holders of these notes have the privilege of exchanging hem, either for coin, the Government to have the option of paying in either gold or silver under its present oinage system, or for two per cent coin bonds at par. Let the holders of the bonds have the privilege of xchanging them back again, at any time, for notes.

LET THE PROCEEDS OF THESE ISSUES BE INVESTED IN RAILROADS, TELEGRAPHS AND OTHER PROFITABLE INCOME-PRODUCING PROPERTIES OF A NATIONAL CHARACTER, WHOSE POSSESSION WILL SERVE AT ONCE AS AN ADDITIONAL PROTECTION TO THE CREDIT OF THE NOTES AND BONDS AND AS A RELIEF TO THE PUBLIC FROM CORPORATE EXTORTIONS.

Suppose, for instance, the $500,000,000 of notes to be invested in railroads and telegraphs paying ividends of 4 per cent per year. That would mean an income of $20,000,000. If the whole amount of currency were absorbed in circulation all that would be clear profit. But if $100,000,000 of the notes were ot needed in the channels of business, and so were presented to be exchanged for bonds, the Government ould have to pay an interest charge of $2,000,000 a year, leaving its net profit $18,000,000. If $200,000,000 f bonds were called for, the interest charge would be $4,000,000, and the net profit $16,000,000. If not a ollar of the new currency were needed, and the whole amount were exchanged for bonds, the Government would pay $10,000,000 a year in interest, and would clear $10,000,000 in profits. In practice it would robably be found that the amount of bonds called for would fluctuate, according to the demands of business, in the neighborhood of $100,000,000, and so the Government's profits would average about $18,000,000.

Such a currency would be in no sense fiat money. It would have behind it not only the general credit f the Government, with the coin reserves in the Treasury, but actual productive property, and with the overnment offering to take it at par for coin, for bonds, for taxes, for postage and for railroad and telegraph charges, it would be so solidly buttressed that it could defy any private attempt to discredit it.

Under the present system the first approach of a panic locks up the money of the country and makes urities unmarketable. In 1893 wealthy holders of United States bonds were unable to obtain ready cash carry on their business. With the interconvertible plan in operation any holder of a bond would be ble to turn it into cash at a moment's notice, and after the need for money had passed he could get more onds and draw interest on his holdings instead of letting them lie idly in bank.

The Journal adds this plank to its original internal platform as something in the nature of a secondry suggestion, because it is not one that appeals as directly to the popular imagination as those that deal ith the terrifying evils of monopoly and misgovernment, and because, after all, it is the ownership of **ctual things,** not the material of which the counters in the game of business are made, that is really f paramount importance. Whether the Vanderbilts or the people shall fix the terms on which freight and engers shall be transported over the New York Central and Lake Shore Railroads is a matter of vital ent, but if the Vanderbilts are to dictate the rates it makes comparatively little difference whether ey collect their charges in gold, silver or paper. **If trusts are to control all American industries hey can keep the masses poor under any currency system.**

The Journal believes that the supreme duty of the Democrats next year is **TO WIN THE ELECTION** order to curb the power of the corporations and trusts before it is too late and to put an end to the frightuption which, under the shameless alliance between the Republican party and the pirates of wealth, rmining the whole fabric of our national life.

Whatever we may think of the policy of the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver at the atio of 16 to 1 as an abstract proposition, it can hardly be denied that to adopt it as the chief article of Democratic faith in 1900 would seriously impair the party's chances of **SUCCESS.** Democratic defeat in that ampaign would mean a renewed debauch of McKinleyism, Algerism and Hannaism; it would mean such a trengthening of the grip of the trusts and corporations on our Government as would make it almost impossible to shake them off, and it would mean not merely the loss of free silver, but the probable demonetization of the standard dollars already coined, the conversion of the silver certificates into gold obligations, he retirement and cancellation of the greenbacks, and the transfer of the control of the currency from the overnment to the banks. It is a disaster to be averted at almost any cost.

If, therefore, **the same good for the people** can be secured, and even better secured, by ome other method than free silver, against which there is a wide prejudice, it is the duty of the Democacy to consider that method and to adopt it, provided it is more likely to be successful at the polls and onsequently to bring about **ACTUAL RESULTS.**

The object to be gained by free silver is a sufficient volume of money, accessible to the people, and ot subject to monopoly. This object can be gained without that shock to the prejudices and fears of the majority involved in the proposition to admit the silver of the world to our mints at a ratio widely different om that now prevailing in the market.

Our greenbacks are as good for every monetary use as silver. Their supply can be kept always under ir own control, as the supply of silver cannot. The Government's paper can be substituted for that of the tional banks. The volume outstanding can be regulated according to the needs of business instead of ording to the chances of mining. The interconvertible bonds would become the savings bank of the eople. Their proceeds would be devoted by the Government **exclusively** to the purchase of railroads nd other productive properties, whose possession would strengthen the public credit and protect the curency from depreciation.

The details of such an arrangement can easily be perfected, and in the event of Democratic success e plan can be actually carried out, for there are many Republicans who would agree to it. On the other nd, the Republican Senate would make it impossible to carry out a free silver policy even if the Democrats ould win the election with that as the chief plank of their platform.

The Journal believes that with an attainable currency reform holding a place as one of the planks—the only plank—of the Democratic platform, and with the issues clearly drawn on the right of every citito earn a living and the right of the people to suppress the pernicious combinations of capital that are monopolizing public functions for private plunder, the Democracy can win a victory next year that will n a new era in the life of this Republic.

"CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN." TO-DAY'S SERMON IN THE PAULIST FATHERS' CHURCH.

By Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C. S. P.

THEN He saith to them: "My soul is sorrowful, even unto death; stay you here and watch with me."—Matt., xxvi., 38.

THAT Peter should have succumbed to the temptation of falling asleep in the Garden of Gethsemane is more easily understood than the fact that John also fell asleep and left Christ alone to watch and pray in His agony. For John seems to have been a man who was undivided in his love—he was naturally lovable; he had never been defiled by a woman; he had all the mysterious charm of virginity; he had felt the healing sweetness of the caress of Jesus; he had known many secrets, and he kept them; but he was like us—he was human; he fell asleep and left his beloved to struggle alone with a terrific temptation. If John had been a woman he would have watched. Why? Because the women did watch in the other crises of the Passion. The French infidel, Renan, thinks that Christ craved their watchings. Of course He did. I do not know whether Renan was bad-minded or whether he was moved by the spirit of blasphemy. I do not know but he uttered a truth which is utterly independent of the morality of his private life, just as he divinized Christ in the very book with which he tried to prove that Christ was only human. Yet the yearning that Jesus had for human sympathy must not be mistaken for the belief that He had permanently lost the consciousness of His Father's presence.

Christ, when alone and lonely, sought the impetuous affection of Peter, appreciated the virginal ardor of John, and accepted the refined luxury of feminine sympathy; yet, after having tasted the delight of the greatest gift in human life, human love, He experienced the sensation that these delights do not suffice; and once again Jesus was alone and lonely, and had to fight His temptation alone. "My soul is sorrowful, even unto death; stay you here and watch with Me." No one must believe that we underestimate the value of human love when we say that it does not satisfy, when we say that we are still alone, and that nothing but the consciousness of God behind our loneliness can give us the strength to conquer the agony of Gethsemane.

Christ was most alone when He shared the comforts of human companionship. There came a time when these things failed to be of service to Him. In a trial He gave over His mother's love to John. There was an hour when He could no longer accept the gift of Magdalen washing His feet with her tears and wiping them with the tresses of her soft hair. Was not His death a grave scandal to the world and a proof of His aloneness before God? Was He not condemned by the voice of authority? Was He not stripped of every stitch of His raiment and stuck up between heaven and earth, with a criminal at either side of His cross, and a reclaimed harlot at its foot? Oh! oh! what a shocking scandal is the crucifixion of Christ! Christ, how lovable Thou art in Thy loneliness. When alone we find in Thee the tenderness of the woman, with the strength of a man. Thy teaching is the only doctrine to feed the loneliness of the intellect. Thine example helps us when secretly struggling with the sins of the will. Thy comliness fills all the hidden hunger of our hearts. Christ, how dreadfully alone we would be if it were not for Thee—the highest manifestation of God! The favor of men, the love of child, the devotion of a faithful woman—these are not enough; we are alone, alone like Thyself with God. God and myself! How can I get rid of the idea of God in my loneliness any more than I can get rid of the idea of myself? God and myself! Two distinct ideas; a double consciousness that I am never alone in my loneliness. The things which the world holds dear did not tempt Jesus, but He sought the support of human help when He was alone. "Then He saith to them: 'My soul is sorrowful, even unto death; stay you here and watch with Me.'"

Wealth, with its securities from hunger and thirst, heat and cold, famine and plague, was not enough to tempt Jesus to convert the stones into bread. Nor could fame, even from the pinnacle of the temple of Jerusalem look fair to Him. Glory is only a temptation to the insane, to weak minds and to little children, but some men are lunatics or little children all their lives. By a strange paradox in history fame crowns only the brow of the genius who scorns it.

Christ's temptation—and it was not all a temptation—seems to have been a desire for human love while His spirit was depressed. "Then He saith to them, 'My soul is sorrowful even unto death; stay you here and watch with me.'" How often is affection the stay of man's melancholy life. We should not fear misinterpretation when we discourse about it freely and holily. For a believer in Christ speaks of it not as Anacreon, the Greek poet, who forgot that the spirit shines through the senses of the body, while Plato made it the stuff of dreams and Dante beheld his blessed one standing upon the crest of a cloud. Human love is great, but God, who is love, is not only greater, but greatest. Behind and beneath and above is the deep truth that God alone suffices. Our hearts are restless until they are flooded with God.

There is a lone line in the heart which the whole universe cannot fill. God alone can satisfy. He is our first beginning, our last end. Throughout the gamut of passion, from the most brutal and gross up to the most aesthetic form of lust, from there up to the most cultivated mental sympathy that ever existed between a man and a woman, is it not, in spite of its thrilling satisfaction, nevertheless unsatisfactory? We are alone, and there is something in us which cannot be shared with the one creature who may have entered the inner sanctuary of our being. What we want is God. God! No man is alone who loves God. If he feels that he is, then he is alone as Christ was; his loneliness is temporary, mental, subjective. That it is an effort for man to think of God does not take away from the value of this truth. I defy any man to lose honestly the consciousness of the Divine presence in the bloodiest temptation ever waged in Gethsemane.

Though I were given all the gifts that the world can give me, though all the nooks and crannies and crevices of my soul were most intimately penetrated by the choicest spirit ever created, nevertheless I would be alone, as I am alone, and as you are alone, when God withdraws His light. Man without God confesses that he is alone, confesses it even amid an embarrassment of human delights. Let love be strong as death, complete, unalloyed, abandoned, uttermost in its intimacy, an entire surrender, yet when God stares at us in the eyes we are alone with Him.

Are there not times when we are afraid to look into ourselves, to face squarely the mystery of our own being? Are there not times when we distract ourselves away from ourselves by change of excitement? Some can do it, because they have wealth; wealth is a tremendous force in human society. Indeed, a man does not know the strength of its control until he has tasted the rigors of poverty. The scorn of the world is at times overpowering; yet its ridicule was nothing to Jesus. No man is great until he can honestly say, as Christ said, "I pray not for the world."

Neither power, nor wealth, nor fame, nor love, nor all the things that this world considers sweet can feed the insatiable loneliness of man's soul for God.

We have considered the gifts of the world; let us look away from this world, up to the sky, and see if there be gifts in the other planets to dispel the loneliness of our Gethsemane.

There is a tradition that the moon was full and tranquil on the night when Jesus suffered in the Garden. Now, His mind contained not only all the worlds of the physical universe, but He saw at a glance and in one instant all the moral evil perpetrated in the past, in the present and in the future. Not only the sins of Babylon, Sodom, Gomorrah, London or Paris, but the sins that are to be committed in this city to-night.

The moon shone with chaste light, but it lent no solace to Jesus. For what is the moon after all but a scarred, burnt-up planet, all shrivelled like the withered hand of a hag? What is the moon but a token of the departed, like a lock of hair belonging to the dead? It has a certain beauty, to be sure; but it is the beauty of death, for death chastens and makes comely the features of the corpse. The moon gave no comfort to Jesus, no more than did the olive and the fig trees. Indeed, nature made Him more lonely, for nature is terribly silent. Studying nature, peering into the clouds, thinking of the immensity of space—these thoughts do but increase our loneliness and throw us back into communion with God. Here we are, a mass of scrambling humanity, building and brooding on this petty little planet. Consider the thousands and thousands of comets which have been found and which are being found very frequently. The stars, too, are something more than jewels stuck in the vault of heaven. There are the spiral star clusters, stars in a blaze, dark stars which have cooled down, white and bluish stars and fixed stars of the color of yellow.

There are suns forty times brighter than our sun; larger and of greater heat than our sun; suns with red, blue and orange light. And every one of these suns has its own planetary system. What a stupendous and admirably splendid spectacle the sunsets of these planets must be! Our system, therefore, is neither the best nor the most brilliant. Then, again, what is beyond that line which marks the boundless space within which our system revolves? What is beyond? I do not know. Does anybody know, except the Being who is the active principle of all things? However, a plurality of other worlds and the countless number of beings who have gone before us, though they may increase our loneliness, they nevertheless cannot take away from us the consciousness that it is God's own hand which drops the veil over our eyes in our Garden of Gethsemane. To some of us, the veil may be over our eyes for only a moment; to some others half a lifetime; to some of us, forever, since we deliberately keep it there with our own hands, in spite of the Divine will. Every drop of grace in the whole universe flows from the blood which trickled in Gethsemane. Saint Jerome says, "God collects all histories of the worlds here and the worlds above us, and sums them all up in Jesus Christ." Palestine may be the centre of Judaism for the Hebrew; Rome the centre of Christendom for the Christian; but this earth is the centre of the world for all—the centre of our salvation.

We cannot get rid of our loneliness by making use of the implements of this world or any other world. Our struggle is with ourselves, despising this world and worlds looking within for God. To sin against the light of this tremendous truth is a greater sin than the sin of despair, and despair is a great sin. It is a sin that is something more than a mistake. The great sin of human life is to be untrue to the conviction that God is with us, even in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Plato, the pagan, regarded such sinners as criminals of the State, and Dante, the poet, instituted a special region of hell for them.

"THE STORY OF OLD FORT LOUDON." REVIEW OF A CHARMING NEW BOOK.

By Katherine Brown.

UNDER the name of Charles Egbert Craddock, Mary Noailles Murfree first published the magazine sketches dealing with life in the Tennessee mountains. These sketches were afterward brought out in book form under the title of "In the Tennessee Mountains," and attracted much attention.

It was at least five years after the magazine articles began to be noticed, and upon the publication of that successful book "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," that the reading public discovered that the "able chronicler" was Mary Murfree. She has always been a favorite and has always deserved to be one, but she has never written anything that gave her greater right to recognition and success than her last book, "The Story of Old Fort Loudon."

From cover to cover it is, in every way, a most attractive book. The illustrations are by Ernest C. Peixotto, and he has certainly entered into the spirit of this picturesque story of the Cherokee uprising, and his work adds not a little to the beauty of the volume.

Some one says of the author of this book that "her enthusiastic word painting makes nature a marvellous foil to human life and passions." She is certainly one of the rare exceptions, a writer who can go into detail and describe at length the beauties of nature in a manner so original, so delicate and exquisite or so boldly magnificent as to charm and never weary the reader. Her descriptions of the Tennessee Mountains in the days of old Fort Loudon are a revelation.

The scene of this story opens on the road that is "the highway of traffic and travel" from Western Virginia to the Cherokee settlements south of the Tennessee River. In this remote wilderness are a Scotchman, his French wife, their little girl and the Scotchman's young brother. They are fleeing from the Cherokee Indians, who have been killing white settlers on the Virginia frontier, from which these frightened people have made their escape, hoping, after a short time, to return to their little home once more. But a series of accidents and incidents, exciting and interesting, lead them at last for safety and protection to the British fort, and here, in and about Fort Loudon, the story centres, growing constantly in interest and power.

Fort Loudon, under the command of Captains Stuart and Demere, is enough to make them forget their Virginia home and be thankful for such surroundings in these days of danger. The perfect management of the troops by men of such strength of character, the tact, bravery and kindness in dealing with the Indians, the systematic life, the discipline and perfect training, are satisfactory in every way to the new comers, who soon make a new home with the settlers near the fort. The beautiful Carolina girl, "the Scotchman's wife," Odalie MacLeod, is a charming type of womanhood. She behaves just as any real woman should, and is that much more attractive. Living always in the midst of danger, the people grow accustomed to it, and their simple entertainments and their efforts to amuse themselves and one another are often pathetic, but usually successful. The Christmas ball at the fort, with the great hall, decorated with berries all aflame, wreaths of holly and lines of buffalo horns, and the antlers of deer, and waving banners, makes a pretty scene.

The Yule log in the chimney makes the place "one vast scarlet glow," and, with the soldiers in full uniform and the ladies in much finery of different dates and fashions, is a picture to remember. And then, when the beautiful Carolina girl, Odalie MacLeod, and Captain Demere lead the minuet with measured, stately steps, what does it matter that the Cherokees gather with angry threats outside the fort?

Though often threatened, there is no serious trouble at Fort Loudon that Winter, even when there is an Indian outbreak on the South Carolina frontier. Then Spring comes in the lovely land, and the "silvery sycamore trees lean over the glittering reaches of the slate blue river," and still no serious trouble is feared. But with the coming of Summer the blow falls.

The settlers are all taken into the fort, and the attack is easily met; but the horror of the situation increases as the Cherokees maintain a blockade.

The store of provisions grows small, starvation is before them; men are sent out for help and never return; there are long days of helplessness and long nights of terror, and existence is a living death. Then, as always under great trials, there are few who are brave and patient and many who are weak and cowardly, and surrender is the only thing left, because the people demand it.

Treachery and horrible cruelty, with little exception, complete the story of old Fort Loudon.

KATHERINE BROWN.

PRATTLE BY AMBROSE BIERCE. A TRANSIENT RECORD OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION.

To the Editor of the New York Journal:

DOUBTLESS the "crusade" against Mormon polygamy is sincere enough in professors of another faith than Mormonism; there is usually no lack of conscientiousness in the belief of one religious sect that another is without righteousness and light. I am not myself particularly concerned about polygamy, but it is only fair to recognize in some of its antagonists—in this paper, for example—an honest motive at the back of their antagonism. But when an honest motive finds expression in a base method it might as well be absent.

The man who stabs his enemy in the back is not less disgusting because of his honest conviction that his enemy were better dead. Whatever nefarious or other projects the Mormon politicians may have on foot for the restoration of polygamy to its old status, it is not right and decent to villify the entire body of the Mormon people. They are no worse than we; it should be enough to say of them that they are no better. Our own religious faith is, I do not doubt, the right religion to produce goodness and charity. Unfortunately we are not the right people in whom to produce them, and after all these centuries of Christianity Christian nations are not a shade better morally than Mohammedans, Brahmins and Buddhists.

I have been a good deal among the Mormons and have had exceptional opportunities for observation, with at least one exceptional qualification for judgment—an unreligious mind. This Continent has no better people than the Mormons. With infrequent exceptions, they are frugal, industrious, peaceful, contented, charitable and devoid of rancor against those who in their early day, before they had polygamy, tarred and feathered their missionaries, murdered their prophet, burned their dwellings and drove them into the wilderness to starve. If history records a nasty, despicable and reasonless religious persecution, that was one. Nor do I believe that it has entirely ceased—that the revival of polygamy, or the fear of its revival, or antagonism to it if never abandoned, sufficiently account for the fervor and ferocity of this new "crusade."

Polygamy is a respectable institution. Of all the human beings that have lived and loved and lied probably not one in a hundred ever so much as heard of any other system. Over the greater part of the earth's surface, containing much the greater part of the earth's inhabitants, it is to-day the rule, and nobody thinks of challenging it. If the Hebrew Scriptures are to be believed, it was recognized as the natural, right and divinely approved thing among God's chosen people as long as they had a country and a voice in their own governing. The anointed kings, the patriarchs, the prophets, all the reverend figures of the olden time with whom God talked, whom he guided and guarded, were polygamists.

When did polygamy become wicked, and why? What new character has it taken on in these latter days? How did God find out that it was bad, and where has He recorded His change of heart toward it? And if it is so dreadful an instrument for debasement of woman, why are the women of the Mormon Church unanimously in favor of it and the women of no polygamous country opposed to it? My Christian friends, you are the wisest, best and most amiable of religious bigots, but I pray you, remember the Thirteenth Commandment: "Thou shalt not be ridiculous."

As to the comparative sexual morality of the Mormons under polygamy and ourselves under monogamy—why, comparison is impossible; our immorality finds nothing with which to be compared. In the time of undisputed Mormon dominion in Utah conjugal infidelity and prostitution were unknown; nor, despite the lying of Gentile newspapers and anti-Mormon propagandists, who wrote sensational books, were any practices savoring of indecency a part of the secret rites of the Church. I do not know that the superior morality of the Mormons was due to polygamy; I do not know that it was due to Mormonism; I only note the phenomenon and testify that it was so, and not otherwise.

Among factors determining our attitude toward these people it should, I suppose, count for something that at one time they were a better and decenter people than we are, and that their goodness and decency were coincident in point of time with their exemption from our activity and acquaintance. How it is with them now I am unable to say, but if after contact with us through an entire generation they are still, like Aunt Rhody's dead goose, "worth saving," it must be that a Christian's vices, like a cat's fleas, will not go to any other animal.

A friend to whom I have shown the foregoing paragraphs of this strolling screed is good enough to point out to me that I shall be thought a polygamist. To provide against this harrowing possibility, I hasten to explain that while unable to see how my interests are in any way affected by my neighbor's possession of several wives I see plainly enough how they might be affected by my having a number of wives myself. But I believe that even the Draconian Code of Utah in its early day would not have compelled me to have them. Nor would I to-day be compelled to by the laws of any country that I know about. That, it is hoped, will sufficiently explain my tolerance toward plural marriages—they are not my marriages. But, as once intimated in these columns, I shall be an anti-polygamist with the loudest of you whenever I observe that polygamy is about to become:

(1) Compulsory.
(2) Contagious.

Mr. Maloney—Pat, do ye mind that divil McCarthy, that bates his ole wumman. Bedad, I'm fer horsewhipping him wid me shilaly.

Mr. Rafferty—Oh, gwan wid yez; be cheritable, now. Before ye cast the first sthone at Mr. McCarthy ye'd betther cast the second one at yerself.

An ambitious gentleman has given $5,000 for a snap dog. Alas, for the vanity of fame! I remember the price of the dog, but forget the name of the idiot. So far as I am concerned, he might almost as well have given the money to the poor.

AMBROSE BIERCE.